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"Dear Howard,

You need not bother to ask me if you can give this to Dan Meldea. If I had his address I's carbon you instead.

To now my questions have had to ~~xxxx~~ do with responsibility and purposes served by irresponsibility, whatever intent may have been. Now I believe it is reasonable to wonder over question of malice and their potential consequences.

It was not a very satisfactory conversation when Dan phoned last week. No connection becomes a connection because someone invented a theory and the allegation of connection is convenient, etc. There need have been no reason, no logic, no proof, as long as a single person made an allegation. One such allegation had to do with the mafia and the assassinations of JFK. I was never able to learn how but it is supposed to trace from Oswald to Hoffa, with Marcelle and Ferrie and Trafficante sandwiched in somehow. Ruby is the icing of this cake.

In an effort to illustrate the utter unreasonableness of the concoction I told Dan that by his reasoning I was even more mafia related. He wanted to know how. I said through a distant cousin I may never have met and could not have seen since childhood if I ever saw him. I also told Dan that this person was involved not by the phoney allegation of any dubious character but because an FBI wiretap had him saying there should be this assassination.

In today's mail I have this: "I've been tipped off re: your first cousin connection. At last it's out."

I'm not going to ask my correspondent his source because his ultimate source is entirely limited to Dan and his probable immediate source is Dan's "researcher," the aching Mike Ewing, whose involvement in a libel suit was no impediment to Dan when commercial promise from cheap sensation loomed.

I see little difference between this disfigurement of the meaningless reality and the viciousness of the Hoover/FBI fabrications some of which I've gotten.

Dan knew that I have had no connection with this cousin, did not even know the degree or distance of relationship, and that it is relevant to nothing at all except either idle gossip and adult had to know could be harmful of the intent to do harm.

Willie Weisberg's father, Shimon, was one of the warmest, kindest humans I ever knew - until I was perhaps 10, when we moved from Philadelphia, where as I told Dan he had a furniture store in a tough part of northeast Phila. He was related to my paternal grandfather, brother or cousin of some degree. I doubt I ever saw Willie, and if I did it was never to speak to him. I doubt he was at his father's home after he started a life of crime. I know he was never at the family's religious observances, the occasions on which I would see Shimon. (Nobody in the family of any relationship had a rare auto in those days.) I also never saw Willie's brother, who became a respected figure in Penna. commerce, in both Phila. and Pittsburgh.

Now if these "investigators" and "journalists" had been half of either instead of half-assed in the ethics department they'd have blundered into what could easily give this distortion some credibility: the FBI has me filed under bank robberies. Yup, in at least five different files, at least three different places. This much I've uncovered so far.

If I may amend a saying, little truth and decency as there is in the world the supply still exceeds the demand. Sincerely, Harold Weisberg